

August 10, 1966

Dear Boris,

You have no doubt been wondering about my long silence. I think that you will understand some of the causes for my long-continued succession of illnesses that have plagued me for so many years. Following the recommendations of my two physicians back in '63 that I should go away and leave my troubles behind me, I thought it would be beneficial. And indeed after the first few weeks I did improve. But it has turned out that between physical deteriorations and the psychic problems that I did not seem able to conquer, I have been very ill.

As you know at one time we thought that we should come over to Switzerland and stay for several years and that I would bring my books with me. I have been much troubled by the inconsistencies in the behavior of "the authorities", and for a long time I had hopes of their being straitened out, but they are worse than ever. And I cannot do what I thought I would be able to do. Even at this moment I do not know *what* they regard as "classified". Furthermore, I think I would have trouble getting the books out of the country. They--the "authorities"--change their minds from time to time. And I just do not have the strength to fight, so I am "left up in the air".

I decided

I have finally after much soul-searching that in order for me to gain any peace of mind I must make a commitment about my collection. I recently came to the conclusion that the best home I could find for my collection would be the recently established GEORGE C. MARSHALL RESEARCH FOUNDATION. This institution can furnish adequate facilities for keeping my collection intact, as well as in safe storage under government supervision. I have therefore had my will re-drawn, naming the Foundation as the recipient.

I am sorry to disappoint you, but as time goes on it becomes more and more impossible to get any decisions out of those "on high", and I simply felt that I must make some decision before it is too late; hence I took the abovementioned action.

As to my state of health, it seems that my much-damaged heart is growing more and more tired and I can hardly do anything. I try each day to do a little bit of desk work, and also an hour or so of sorting, arranging and placing uncatalogued items in my collection. You can well imagine that the racial and other problems of the U.S.A. affect me very much. Yet I cannot run away for at present travel is out of the question.

I shall write again when I feel better. I miss you both very much.

With affection,